

September 1913

The ECHO

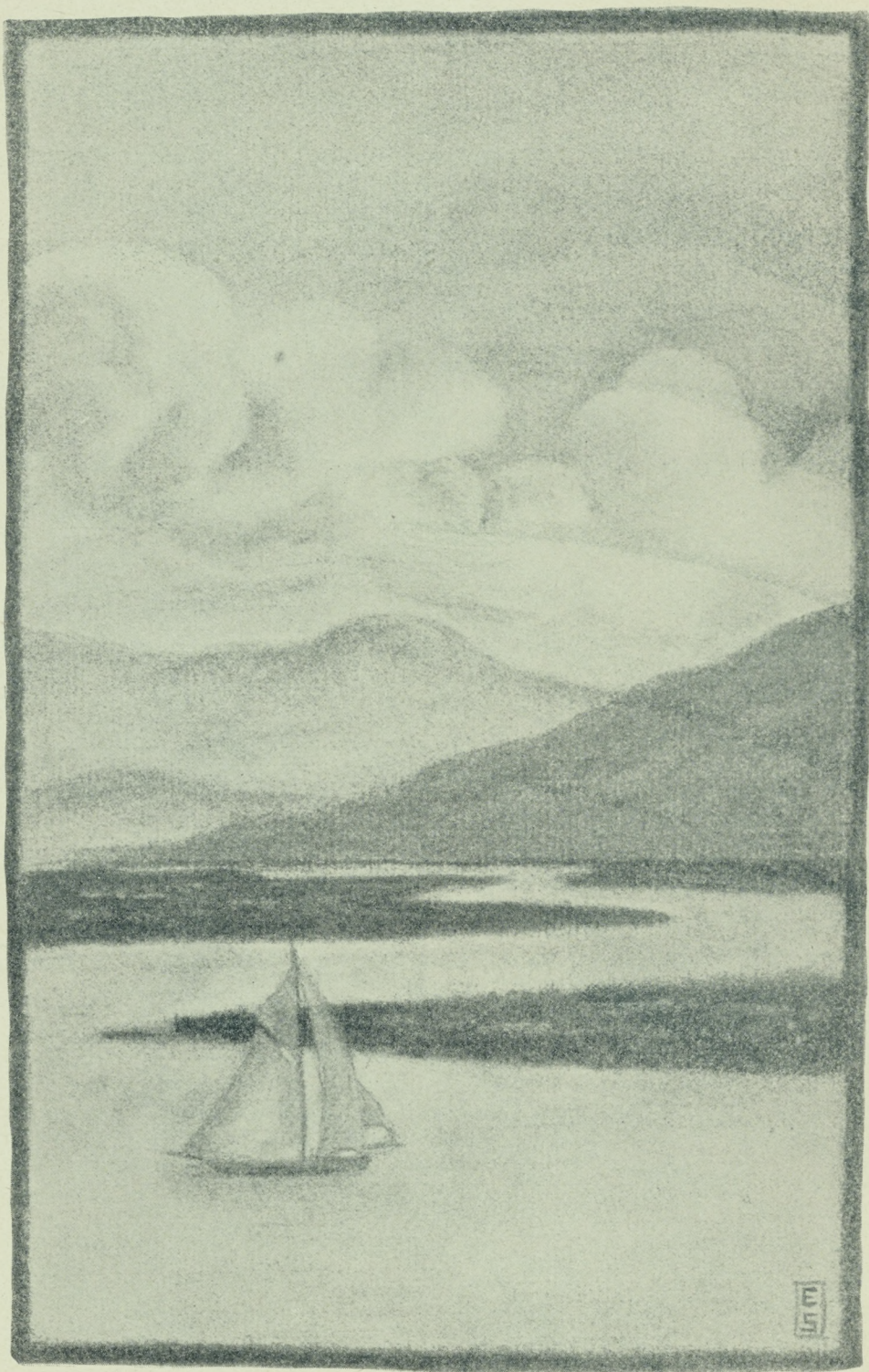
FRESHMAN NUMBER



SEPTEMBER
1913



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VOL. VI.

SANTA ROSA, SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 1

Reminiscences of a Senior



OW THAT I am a Senior, and can look back on the past four years of High School, it suddenly occurred to me to give some experiences and impressions that are the lot of all High School students.

The most amusing of all High School experiences is the first day; that is amusing to the upper classman, not so amusing to the Freshmen.

When I first entered the High School building on Monday morning, I felt like a very small speck on the horizon. Accustomed as I was to being one of forty or fifty pupils in a country school, the sudden change greatly diminished my size.

With my wonder and feeling of insignificance growing every second, I stood watching and listening. I saw crowds coming from every direction; little groups here and there discussing teachers and programs, and a continuous stream passing to the office and out again, arguing with the principal as they tried to get their courses arranged satisfactorily. More fully aware than ever of my own ignorance and unimportance, I listened to such conversations as the following: "My gracious," exclaimed one girl, dashing out of the office with a white card in her hand, "Physics and English conflict. I don't see why they can't fix the course right, anyhow."

"You don't say so! Why that will upset my whole card," said another, elbowing her way to the principal's office to hear if the dreadful report were true. While I was pondering as to the nature of conflicts, which seemed to have the power of upsetting those little cards, and also the student's tempers, I became aware of an excited group across the hall.

"Well, I just think it is a shame, Mr. Crawford flunked me in geometry last term, and now I have to take it over again. I thought when I had finished geometry I would be through with math. forever. I think he is the meanest man alive. My advice to all Freshies is to avoid Mr. Crawford, and try to get into Miss Grayson's class."

"Say, May, do you have to make up all that history you didn't do last term?"

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"Yes, I do," snapped May, "but I'll flunk first."

"Girls," said another. "I know how to manage Mr. King so that English history will be a perfect snap. You won't have to study at all, just stare at him all during the period, looking very wise all the time. He takes it for granted you are a regular shark and never asks a question."

"Yes," said May, "My, but I am glad I am a Sophomore. I pity all poor Freshies who have to take English from Miss Grant, but the only way to get along with her is to talk right back when she gets fiery. The saucy ones always come out ahead of the meek ones. If Freshies only had our experiences they would get along better."

The group moved off, leaving in possession of the valuable information that the proper policy for a Freshman was to avoid Mr. Crawford, stare at Mr. King, and be very impudent to Miss Grant. I resolved to make use of these hints, but the consequences caused me to regret bitterly my rash resolve.

Suddenly, a teacher, whose name I afterwards learned was Miss Davis, stopped before me, asking in a stern voice, "Little girl, why are you blocking the doorway? Move aside instantly. Let me see your enrollment card."

This sudden attack so upset what little courage I had left, that I stammered incoherently, wondering what on earth an enrollment card was.

"Why, haven't you registered yet?" demanded the teacher.

"N-no, ma'am," I stammered.

"Then go to the office and do so immediately," commanded Miss Davis.

Heartily longing for grammar school again, I tried to push through the crowd at the office door, and finally found myself before a long, low table, surrounded by a mass of students, all of whom were talking very fast. As I sat down a teacher handed me a white card, saying "Fill that out and file it at the desk."

I endeavored to comply with the teacher's direction, but, beyond writing my name and age, I could do nothing, until the teacher, noticing my distress, helped me to arrange my course.

With my enrollment card safely filed, and my program made out, I received my desk number and returned to the hall. While I was watching the crowd, the ringing of a gong suddenly caused the buzz of voices to swell into a roar, as the whole mass began to push toward the study hall. My next difficulty was in learning the geography of the place, and locating the different rooms.

As an example of the way Sophomores treat the Freshmen, I will tell of an experience of my own. I was in a hurry to pass through a narrow door which was blocked by a group of Sophomores. Instead of politely asking them to remove themselves, I tried to push through, when one, catching me, as I tried to pass, said, "Freshie, you may pass when you learn to be more polite to your elders."

When I became a Soph. I took revenge on the next class of Freshies for the treatment that I had received, but, now that I am a dignified Senior, I refrain from such undignified proceedings, and spend my days reciting, and my nights burning the midnight oil.

E. M. T.

A Word to New Students



WITH THE beginning of the new term every earnest student is seriously considering how he may get the best results from the year's work that is before him. During the past year the opportunities offered to students in the High School have been greatly increased by the completion and equipment of a new building and the addition to the course of study of several new subjects. Increased opportunities have brought increased responsibilities. The students entering the school for the first time may welcome a word of advice.

The first great problem was that of selecting your course of study. In solving this it is presumed that you were guided by your interests, your plans for the future, and the advice of those of greater experience. We may assume that, for the present, this part of your relation to the school as a student has been settled. But you have doubtless been told many times that some of the most important lessons of the school are not learned from books. It is to some matters outside of the class room that I want to direct your thought at this time.

The school, with its traditions and rules, and student activities, forms a distinct social group with a spirit and character peculiar to itself. Of the five hundred and more students enrolled, you who have recently entered the High School, comprise more than one-third. You will of necessity have a very large part in moulding this character. Upon your part in this social order will depend much that may be of value to you and to the school. By taking an active interest in school affairs and co-operating with that large body of older students that is working to establish right standards in the school, you can do much. You can help to give to the school that true spirit of democracy, where each individual stands upon his own merits alone, and where the action of each is for the welfare of all.

To this end, get acquainted with your fellow students. Learn all you can about the school activities, and take a part in some of them. Athletics, debating, the school paper, the musical organizations—all these offer opportunities for varied talents. Above all, study the student body organization which controls these activities. Become a member of the Associated Students of the Santa Rosa High School, an association to which all students should belong. Get a copy of the constitution of this body and study it. Seek to represent your class on the Government Board—or at least see that representatives are chosen from the class who will take an active interest in school affairs.

The school, I have said, should be democratic in spirit. No cliques should interfere with the active co-operation of all the students for the good of the school. It should go even farther than this, it should, to a considerable degree, become democratic in government. It should be quite possible in the near future to extend the scope of student body activities and increase the power of the Governing Board so that many important matters besides the school activities referred to shall be managed by the students. Of course this change must come gradually and only just so fast as the student body

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shows that it is able to assume new responsibilities. It may be your privilege to help in this direction.

In these few words of advice I will not omit to emphasize the importance of study and of standing well in your classes. That of course ranks first among your school duties, and it is the one which you best understand. It has been my main purpose, however, to point out some school duties which are only second in importance, and which you may not so readily recognize in these early days in the High School.

Through the Devil's Gateway



AR AWAY in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a gigantic, volcanic peak thrusts itself skyward. For ages it has been known among mankind as "The Devil's Gateway," and for ages it has been shunned by superstitious Indians, who tell wierd legends of strange under-ground people who once dwelt within its depths.

It was late in June when, accompanied by a Mexican guide, I visited the Rockies, with the intention of climbing and exploring this extinct volcano. Armed with revolvers, dressed in the roughest clothing, and with three days' provisions strapped on our backs, we began the ascent.

It was a hard, dangerous climb. The smooth granite walls were very slippery, and their mossy over-growth gave scanty foothold. Twice I slipped and all but fell, plunging downward to the mountain base, but, as I tottered on the crumbling edges, the strong-armed guide seized me and drew me back.

For hours, we toiled upward, until at last we reached the summit, and there, before my staring eyes, I saw a scene which, for the wildly picturesque, could never be surpassed. Steep cliffs of orange-hued sand stone swept away on either hand to form a circular basin of immense size. Far down in the depths of this depression, a shimmering lake flashed and sparkled like a fragment of jagged glass in the midst of a miniature valley.

Pleasing and impressive as this view was, no time was to be lost in admiring it, for we had planned to reach the crater bed before night shut off the light of day. Following in the foot steps of my guide, I soon stood before a narrow ledge of rock, which formed a spiral stairway to the basin floor. To trust ourselves on that thread-like strip of stone, appeared, at first glance, little less than actual suicide. Yet, as I saw the cool-headed guide go creeping down that perilous descent, I hugged close to the sand-stone walls, and followed him.

Around and around that great towering precipice, we passed, crawling, scrambling, sliding, and clinging like leeches to its rocky sides. At last, on a

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broad ledge far below the surface of the earth, we halted, exhausted. High overhead, so far above that the sunlight penetrated but dimly to our side, the blazing basin rim lay right against the sky, bathed in the glory of a dying sun. Not a hundred feet below us, lay the basin floor. Its broad expanse was overgrown with pale, green ferns, whose gigantic forms gleamed ghostly through the gathering twilight. An oblong lake, of deeper and more poisonous hue, lay bubbling in the reedy marsh, or sent torrents of seething water hissing down a half concealed cavern at its side. Along the shore, there stretched a beach of sand, on which we planned to spend the night, so, clambering down the last remaining height, we set out across the floor. As we neared our destination, the troubled waters of the lake rose in a swirling torrent, and went pouring down into the cavern. Eager to investigate this phenomenon, I hastened on ahead. A shouted warning from the guide came too late, for the racing waters, rising with incredible speed, swept me from my feet.

For an instant, I was tossed like a chip in the sucking whirlpool, then I plunged downward into subterranean darkness. A moment later, choking and almost suffocated, I felt the current sweep me upward to the surface. Above and all about me, I saw the dim outline of a tunnel wall. From every side, there came the rush of roaring waters as they bore me swiftly down that gloomy passage. Hours seemed to pass as the torrent swept me on and on. Would it never end? I felt the rocky ceiling close overhead, and once, a sharp projection in the wall ripped through my shirt and gashed my side. It was then that the knapsack, on my back, gave way, and was washed away in the darkness. Again the current swept me on, till suddenly, half unconscious and weak from the loss of blood, I was shot from the cavern mouth into a frothing pool, half lighted by great diamond clusters, which studded an immense dome above. While straight before me, not fifty feet across the foaming pool, the water ran, tossing over a rocky rut down a great rent beyond.

Slowly, in a great semi-circle, the current swept me around the chamber-wall, then, gathering headway, with ever increasing speed, it sent me plunging toward the roaring fall. Frantic with terror, I made desperate efforts to scale the slippery sides. At last, scarce two feet from the edge, I scrambled up, to fall exhausted on a narrow ledge. Utterly tired out, I lay drowsily listening to the droning roar of the falling waters, while, high overhead the great jewels gleamed down in flashing splendor.

Then, gradually, a dull blinking film crept out over the gleaming diamonds, the crashing fall died fitfully away, and I lay fast asleep.

Hours afterward, I awoke, my clothes were damp and cold, but the wound upon my side had long since congealed, and my mind was fresh and clear. Below me, the basin in which, but a few hours before, the pool had tossed, now lay dark and empty. It was a time for action, for, if I gained the cavern now, before another deluge filled it, I might follow it in safety to the lake. Scrambling down the slimy rocks, I made for the tunnel mouth. But too late. Before I reached it, the water again came gushing back. Turning, I halted for an instant before the jagged rent down which the

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streaming flood had so lately fallen. Deep groves, carved in the solid rock, ran sloping downwards to nothing in the inky darkness far below.

A wild idea entered my mind. This was the one way to escape. Plunging into the flume in front of me and regulating my speed with the constant pressure of my hands against its sides, I went sweeping swiftly downwards. On I speed past the range of the diamond lights, and far into the black night beyond. My eyes smarted and stung from vain efforts to pierce the darkness. My arms ached from the constant pressure placed upon them, while weaker and weaker grew my pressure on the sides. On I speed. Faster and faster grew my speed until at last my strength gave way. I lost control and went flying down the side when suddenly the very earth seemed to drop away beneath me.

With a scream of terror I went hustling out through space. In a long sweeping arc I fell, then losing speed, began to drop. Down, down, down I went in headlong flight. On every side dark, suffocating clouds of seething vapor came choking around my face, while far below a gleaming pool of fire sputtered and splashed in eager anticipation of its prey.

Nearer and nearer came the deadly pit, its simmering surface bursting impotent rage. On I speed and cleaving through a thick over-hanging cloud of steam I hit and sank to my waist in a soft gum-like substance, which yielding to my weight, reduced the impact of my fall.

For an instant I lay dazed, the boiling roar of the melting lake, the sudden fall, the intense heat, all served to rob me of my senses. Regaining consciousness I was terror stricken to find myself embedded in a soft bed of flint, which was now fast hardening around me.

I struggled desperately to free myself, but with effort felt myself go farther down. Then suddenly my hand struck a solid ledge, which ran close along my side. Carefully I seized the narrow strip of stone and drew myself slowly upward, inch by inch, until I stood in safety on the shore.

Hastily brushing the fast hardening flint from my bedragled clothes, I set out along the vortex, seeking an outlet.

The pool, as though angry at my escape, sputtered and puffed with renewed energy. Firey balls of burning vapor hung low over the surface, while streams of white hot flint went spouting into the air.

On I went scrambling and leaping over fallen rocks until, though the blazing glare I saw on the opposite shore the dim outline of a tunnel mouth. With renewed confidence I hastened on until I neared the entrance. Here I halted suddenly, surprised and startled by a strange sight before me. Ten feet away a beaten path led straight from the seething lake to the cavern behind. While all along the edge thousands and thousands of arrow heads littered the rocky floor.

I would gladly have fled from the spot, but some strange influence seemed to bid me stay. Stepping nearer I examined them. Probably molded from the soft material in the lake, they had been placed here a thousand years before. May be by the tribe connected with the legends of this mountain. Torn by a strange feeling of uneasiness and of impending danger,

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I left the lake and its strange curiosities behind. Passing up the sloping path I entered the great tunnel mouth. A dim uncertain light penetrating from the blaze behind revealed a gloomy passage which stretched away into the darkness.

I soon left the entrance far behind, and passing slowly on I came suddenly to an abrupt turn.

Before me looming dark and dismal through the dim, uncertain light, a long, low chamber of immense size stretched away into the darkness. Damp pungent waves of sickly air fanned my cheeks, while off the molding cavern walls accumulated moisture dripped in seeping streams. On either hand ranged along those gloomy walls, long shelves of rock were piled high with grewsome weapons. With handles and shafts long since decayed, dull gleaming points for spears or arrows lay mixed with keen edged trenchants knives of flint. Bronze battle axes overgrown with greenish phosphorescent mold lay in great dingy heaps on the moss-grown floor. Far in front its form gleaming monstrous through the flickering light the statue of a heathen god gleamed down in sullen rage upon the armament below.

Behind the great god and half ridden in the shadow a broad stairway led upward through the cavern wall. Here lay the exit from this awful place. Gathering courage, I stepped out upon the slimy floor. Cautious as were my footsteps the apparently solid floor gave forth a hollow boom which echoed through the chamber and filled my soul with dread. On I went, step by step, nearer and nearer I came to the ghostly idol. Then suddenly without an instant's warning, the floor beneath my feet began to rise and fall in long indulating waves. The walls rocked to and fro. The weapons clanged and smote upon the cavern sides, while over all a dull muffled roar, which seemed to rise from the very depths of the earth, came sweeping through the cave.

The heathen god tottered and trembled on its base. Then suddenly came crashing downward. As it fell the floor beneath my feet gave way, and I went plunging into space.

Beneath a subterranean stream flowed deep, dark and silent, as with a roar the falling debris broke the silence of its gloomy depth. The great idol sinking swiftly through the inky waters, sucked me down far, far below the surface until with whirling brain and bursting lungs, I broke from its clutches and went shooting for the top. An instant later, gasping for breath, I reached the surface. Around me all lay dark and silent. The shock was over and the sullen stream again flowed on its way.

Idly it swept me on its course, slowly at first, then gathering speed as it rattled over a rocky ledge. Then the stream changed, the walls began to meet; the speed grew, and whirling dizzily I shot suddenly out into broad daylight to find myself struggling in a rushing torrent. With lusty strokes I gained the shore to live in safety ever more.



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Freshmen, have you ever stopped to consider how much of the High School's success depends on you?

The Senior Class of 1913 is no longer in our midst. It is to you that the High School must look to fill up the ranks of the various activities. Whether these activities will be carried on with the success that has always come to our efforts rests entirely with you.

Success comes only to him who is always striving to obtain the best results in everything that he undertakes.

By this time you have your studies arranged, and have settled down to the regular school routine. Now is the best time for working. Do not let your ninth and tenth years slip by with the thought that you will work a

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little harder in the eleventh and twelfth. Make every effort count for something.

You may not be the best orator in the class room, but, if you have studied hard and faithfully, and if you have a clear understanding of what you have studied, then you have accomplished something, and may rest assured that you have done your best.



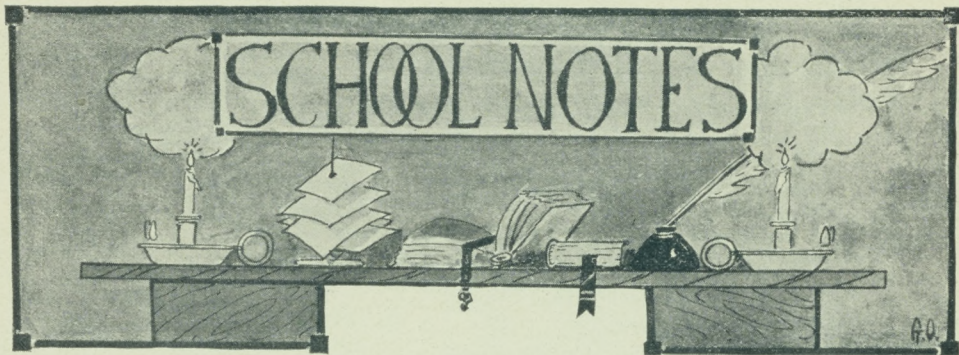
The Echo is published by the Student Body, and should be one of the main interests in school life.

It means just as much to the school as do the football and the baseball team. Just as the track team is sent out to win honors for the school at the various field meets, so The Echo is sent out to win literary honors among the High Schools of the United States.

You must help us to make the paper a success. Subscribe today; it is not too late. This year the subscription list should be larger than ever before. Write a story and hand it to the literary editor. Even if your first one is not printed, it is by "keeping everlastingly at work that success comes." If you hear a humorous remark in the class room, do not let it pass, but write it and hand it to the josh editor. Try this and see if The Echo can maintain the standard set by previous issues.

All material for the October Number must be in by October 1st.

Make The Echo a success by giving it your hearty support. The loyal members of the school are the subscribers for the school journal. Are you one?



After a vacation of eight weeks, school opened on Monday, August 25, with a large enrollment. The incoming class is so large it makes it necessary to seat many of the pupils in the class rooms.

Those entering the high school for the first time are as follows:

Wanda Alger, Henrietta Anderson, Edna Austin, Irent Cacigalupi, Andella Arnold, Robert Albers, Ray Bannon, Thorne Beebe, Oscar Barnes, Laura Blalock, Marion Baker, Frank Bechler, Mary Bennett, Claire Buckman, Erma Crowder, Lella Cooper, Corinne Crane, Donald Carithers, Wesley Cline, Hazel Cooper, Irving Cameron, Orton Dixon, Gladys Dietz, Raymond Deating, Marie Dowd, Lloyd Dixon, Hilma Eliason, Hattie Felton, Alice Gemetti, Leila Green, Pearl Givn, Renzo Gallerani, Mabel Hodgson, Gail Hawley, George Heckley, Arne Hanson, Pearl Hatton, Naomi Hammer, Bernadette Hehn, Leland Hodgson, Annie Jacobsen, Melva Kendig, Frederick Kellogg, Anna Leem, Frank Lilsen, Ione Long, George Marvin, Cora McDonald, Opal Melizza, Clifford Mattson, Roy Michie, Carlos Murillo, Edna McClellan, Joseph McDonugh, Onie Meyers, Helen Miller, Elsa Milne, Irene Nathanson, Blanche Noble, Agnetta Nelson, Michell Overton, Legro Pressley, Anita Pacheco, Leonard Pavlik, Joseph Prene, August Prene, Frances Payne, Ray Patterson, Augusta Pedrotti, Eva Quimby, Milder Ritter, Christiana Schmidt, Grace Shriver, Gladys Sherman, Elaine Shire, Constance Stanley, Lloyd Smith, Bessie Steger, Vera Stump, Wesley Templeton, Travenen Taylor, Josephine Venton, Lloyd Virgil, Mabel Waldup, Josie Watson, Roy Whitaker, Myrtle Wells, Guyla Webber, Fred Wright, and Victor Wilson.

Mr. Martin, Mr. Allen and Miss Wolcot have taken positions in other schools.

We are glad to welcome into our midst the following new teachers:

Mrs. Jacobi, Commercial Department; Mr. McKesson, Commercial Department; Mrs. Adams, Dean. Miss Smith, Miss Hunt, and Miss Snee, teachers in the Annex.

The interior of the High School has been re-tinted, and the painters are working on the outside of the building at present.

Governing Board Report

May 24, 1913.—At a special session of the governing board Roscoe Wallace was elected Business Manager of The Echo.

Nomination of officers as follows:

President: L. Smith, G. Chapman, F. Spooncer.

First Vice President: J. Lingenfeller; E. Covey.

Second Vice President: Elaine Norton, Alice Koford.

Secretary: A. Entzminger, L. Crane, J. Mitchell, C. Hewitt.

Treasurer: Mr. Martin, Miss Crane, Mr. Blosser,

Editors of The Echo: M. Thompson, F. Coleman, C. Case.

Representatives of Debating: Grace Titus, D. Cameron.

Track Manager: R. Mills, J. Russell.

Football Manager: L. Gnesa, C. Merritt, T. Overton, F. Argyle.

Girls' Basket Ball Manager: G. Wolfe, H. Nagle, V. King, G. Overton.

Boys' Basket Ball Manager: L. Crane, C. Hewitt, H. Fry, C. Peterson.

Yell Leader: F. Spooncer, W. Mallory.

June 17.—A regular session of the Governing Board. No quorum.

June 20.—A special session.

P. Maroni was granted 60c for telegraphing to Sebastopol twice.

Carried that \$3.05 be given to L. Crane for the following: rub-down, \$1.40; gauze, 50c; tape, 75c; and four S's, 40c.

G. Wolfe was granted her numerals. Misses C. Churchill, A. Kofard, M. Mathews and A. Mathews were granted S's for basket ball.

There being a tie in the general election, L. Crane was elected Boys' Basket Ball Manager. C. Roberts, H. Fry, R. O'Connor, H. Watson, P. Maroni, E. Lunger and F. Argyle were granted S's for Baseball.

The officers elected for the fall term were:

President, L. Smith; First Vice President, J. Lingenfelter; Second Vice President, E. Norton; Treasurer, Miss Crane; Secretary, J. Mitchell; Editor, C. Case; Representative of Debating, G. Titus; Track Manager, R. Mills; Manager Football, C. Merritt; Manager Boys' Basket Ball, L. Crane; Manager Girls' Basket Ball, H. Nagle; Yell Leader, W. Mallory.

What was the matter with the rooting-section at the N. W. S. C. A. L. Meet held in Ukiah last term? This question was answered by several men, followers of track work and athletics in general, who spoke to me of it just after the meet.

One of them said: "Your section was undoubtedly the best in the stands except for the fact that you had to use the same old yells that were used in the Stone Age. Get some new yells and you will show the people what a High School rooting section really is. Your rooters have the lungs and the spirit but they can not do much without the yells."

That's the idea, more yells. I wish all of the students to help them. All of you loyal boys and girls write some yell and give it to The Echo office or to me. A small Rooters' Club will learn the best and then we'll have rallies so that everybody may learn them.

WEST MALLORY, '15, Yell Leader.



As yet The Echo has received but few exchanges. We hope that before we go to press again, we will be able to welcome all of our old friends and meet many new ones.

Owing to the great demand for the June number we were unable to send copies to all of our exchanges, but we will send our first number for this term to all who did not receive the commencement number.

The Spectator: Your cover design is neat and your material good, but your arrangement could be improved by placing your senior material first; then the literary department, and then your editorials.

The Almanack: Your senior number is very good and your numerous departments are all well edited; but you have omitted one of the essentials of a High School magazine, an exchange list.

The Mistletoe:.. You could greatly benefit yourself by observing the arrangement of other High School papers. Our attention is first called to the four blank pages in the front of your book. Three of these should be omitted, for a person grows weary turning blank pages before he finds any material. Your half tones are good, but the appearance of your book is spoiled by inserting those white pages. We wonder whose pictures these are, faculty, seniors or staff. If seniors, the senior material should follow them. If staff, they should follow the editorials. Your class cartoons are original and well worked out.

The Pohah: A better grade of ink, and larger type would add to your appearance. You contain a great deal of interesting material, and your departments, especially the Athletics, are excellent.

El Chasque: What an odd cover design, but the first five pages are extremely commonplace, so much so that they are now a detriment to all living high school papers. Your chonicles are original and are really funny. A few more department cuts would add to your appearance.

The Dawn: You are an excellent paper, and we find nothing to criticise in your commencement number. Your cuts are well arranged and all your drawings show great care, an important feature that so many high school papers lack.

The Poly High: Your only fault—you use type that is far too small. We enjoyed, "How Boys Wear Their Hair."

The Gondolier: We judge from the arrangement of your paper that your faculty is not a very important part of your high school. You have detracted much from the appearance of your paper by using such a poor grade of ink. We enjoyed both the quality and quantity of your literary material.



Members of the Student Body wake up, and bring back the old school spirit. All branches of athletics are on a decline, and it is up to the students to bring athletics up to their old standard, that is to have a winning team in each activity. Now fellows brace up, buy a suit, so that you can help bring athletics out of the cellar to the top most story.

Freshmen, your chances are now to win honor, and bring life into activities, because the sooner you train, the sooner you will be wearing the orange stripe.

If you don't care to enter athletics, attend the games and meets, so that the school will be able to carry on these activities.

TRACK

Fall training has opened, and each day sees more fellows working for a berth on the team. Chances are very good to make the team, as graduation took most of the veterans. Freshmen, try the new track and gym. because it is up to you to bring on a winning team in the future. Mr. Steele is working hard coaching the fellows, he wants to see more out so he will be able to pick a winning team. So it is up to you if you want to him smile.

Captain Chapman our "star" distance man is ready to add more first-place medals to his great collection. Manager Mills is there a million in the quarter and hurdles. Chapman has the following veterans from which to pick a winning team: Brown, Russell, Merritt, Argyle, Mills, Hewitt and Gnesa.

BASKET BALL

We hope to see more members of the student body out to support both the boys' and girls' basket ball teams this semester.

I think all schools like to turn out a winning team. If you do, get out and support us.

Last year the boys' team was all new material. This year the fellows will have had more experience, and intend to pull down some trophies. You members of the Student Body get out and help us by coming to the games.

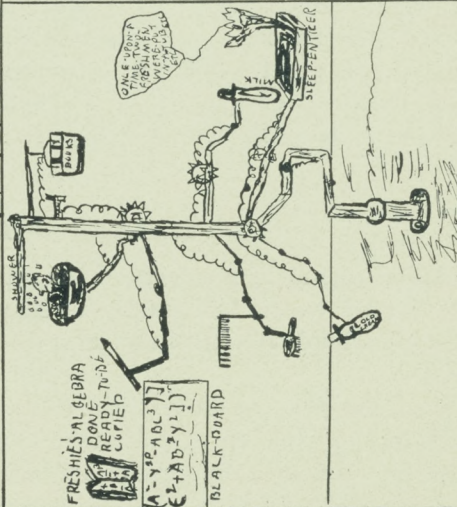
HOME REMEDY



ALWAYS KEEP A HATCHET IN THE HOUSE IN CASE OF SICKNESS SEVERAL SMART TAPS ON THE HEAD WILL REMOVE ALL SYMPTOMS YOU CAN USE IT TO SPLIT KINDLING TOO.



MRS. SARDINES FAMOUS RECIPES FOR PRUNES OMELET TAKE!! A YOUNG PRUNE SLAP IT IN THE FACE WITH A DILL PICKLE TALK OUT CHIT CHIT 10 MINUTES ADD ARM FULL OF KINDLING SOAK IN CHLOROFORM SWEETEN WITH HORSE RADISH AND SERVE COLD WITH A BICYCLE PUMP



THIS INGENIOUS AUTOMATIC FRESHMAN AND NURSEMAID WAS SEEN IN THE HOME OF A FAMILY CONTAINING A FRESHMAN. THE EDITOR OF THE "ECHO" OFFERS A REWARD TO THE PERSON WHO CAN GUESS THE NAME OF THE FRESHMAN WHO IS CHARGED FOR BY THE ABOVE NURSEMAID

CUSPIDOR HAT



TO BE WORN BY FRESHWOMEN ONLY!!



IF YOU DON'T SPORT A PIANO THE AUTOMOBILE WILL DO VERY WELL IF YOU DON'T SPORT AN AUTO VERY WELL JUST BUY ONE

LOOK GIRLS!!!

MANY OF YOU HAVE YOUNG OR OLDER BROTHERS WHO WOULD LIKE TO CHASTISE YOU LUSTILY BUT ARE UNABLE TO CARRY OUT YOUR DESIRES BECAUSE YOU LACK THE NECESSARY POWER HERE IS A SOLUTION - - - - -

ARISE AT SIX (DRESS OF COURSE BUT DO NOT EAT) GRASP THE HANDS SHOWN ABOVE AND PERAMBULATE AROUND YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD FOR AN HOUR

A - N - D } AFTER YOU HAVE OBEYED THESE INSTRUCTIONS FOR A YEAR YOU CAN MASTER ANY MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY (FATHER INCLUDED) SPARK LITTLE TIMMY (FRESHMAN) UNTIL HE BELLEWS FOR MOTHERS PULL BIG BROTHERS (JUNIOR) EAR UNTIL HE HOWLS ENOUGH - WHY

ILL DO IT FOR YOU - - - - -

FRESHIE'S LULLABY.



ITS GONNA BE DARK-TONIGHT
ITS GONNA BE DARK-TONIGHT
AND IF IT IS DARK-TONIGHT-TONIGHT
IT WILL SURELY BE DARK-TONIGHT!!

(COPYRIGHTED)

POWER



If these Jokes are old
And should be on the shelf
Just get busy please on new ones
And hand them in yourself.

* * * * *

Mr. Montgomery—Well, West,
why are you leaving school!"

West M.—Well, you see Mr. Mont-
gomery, I got kicked out of a couple
of classes, you threatened to "can"
me, so I thought I would leave be-
fore I made things unpleasant for
you.

* * * * *

Don Percy—You say she only par-
tially returned your affections?

Lloyd W.—Yes, she returned all
the love letters but retained all the
jewelry.

* * * * *

Jones embarrassed me terribly to-
day.

How so?

He asked me how I enjoyed his
speech at the banquet last night.

—Ex.

* * * * *

E. Rogers—This is a picture of
Dad's oldest son.

R. Mills—Silly looking kid, but
say I didn't know you ever had a
brother.

E. Rogers—I didn't that is myself
when I was seven.

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me at the break of dawn;
For I want to go out to the beach,
mother,

To witness September morn.

* * * * *

Dale W.—Don strikes me as a
very promising young man.

W. Brown—Yes he strikes me that
way too, but he never pays it back.

* * * * *

Mother—Lola do you save anything
for a rainy day?

Lola B.—Yes, mother, I never wear
my silk stockings around the house.

* * * * *

Marie R.—Sale took Zelma to a
dance last night.

Thelma D.—Did he go in a tux-
edo?

Marie R.—No, they walked.

Roy M.—Did the doctor tell you
what you had?

H. Watson.—No, he took it with-
out telling me.

* * * * *

Albert E.—I fought in the battle
of Bull Run.

Chop H.—What did you do?

Albert E.—I tied the bull outside.

THE ECHO

Mex—Say old top is your brother married yet?

Wes Mallory—Nope. He was engaged to a girl with glass eyes but they fell out.

* * * * *

L. Crane—Why is Chauncey limping.

Fry—Oh, he fell in love and broke his engagement.

* * * * *

Mrs. Powers (trying to get little George up in time for school)—Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!

George (sleepily)—Too bad better see a doctor.

* * * * *

S. P.—Is this seat engaged, Miss?

Olivia S.—No but I am.

* * * * *

Some Tough Guy

She—Doesn't that girl look like Helen Brown.

He—Yes. But she looks a lot worse in white. —Ex.

* * * * *

Mae Hodgson (learning to smoke)—How do I light this match? My foot isn't big enough.

D. W.—Why scratch it on your —er—ah—Let me light it for you.

* * * * *

There was an old man from Perth
Who was born on the day of his birth.

He was married they say,
On his wife's wedding day.
And died on his last day on earth.
—Ex.

CRYSTAL CLEANING and DYEING WORKS

OLDEST AND BEST
ALL CLEANING BY DRY PROCESS

721 Fourth Street

Phone 124

[Page Eighteen]

Jesse L.—Come on Lolo, I can carry you across that stream easy enough.

Lolo B.—But you can't carry both me and the lunch basket, we'll make too heavy a load. Let me carry the basket.

* * * * *

It was after the distribution of prizes at Sunday school.

Well, did you get a prize? asked a Freshman's mother.

Freshman—No, but I got horrible mention.

* * * * *

Miss Wirt—Albert hasn't recited today.

Albert E.—Sorry, Miss Wirt, but my throat is so sore I can only speak English.

* * * * *

The dangerous age—between one and ninety-one. —Ex.

* * * * *

Fresman—Say ma, I learned at school about a little worm in the water that can bore thro' the side of a ship, but I bet he ain't in it when it comes to my progressive big toe going thro' my socks.

* * * * *

A. Freshman Wish

Plain water's bad enough, I hope,
But soapsuds taste so mean—
I wish they'd make some candy soap,
To keep our faces clean.
—Ex.

Phone 342

H. C. Coltrin

HIGH GRADE GROCERIES

317 Mendocino Ave

Santa Rosa

THE ECHO

Grandma—Mildred I really cannot permit you to read novels on Sunday.

Mildred T.—But grandma, this novel is all right. It tells about a girl who was engaged to three episcopal clergymen, all at once.

* * * * *

Chas. C.—I see they operated on a Philadelphia boy's head to make a better boy of him.

Leo S.—That isn't where my dad used to operate to make a better boy of me.

* * * * *

Love's like the measles, all the worse when it comes late in life.

* * * * *

Never flirt with a girl in a restaurant until you are sure she has paid her check.

* * * * *

Dorothy B.—I see Zelma has a limousine.

Mae H.—Poor girl! Last time I saw her she had a carbuncle.

* * * * *

Helen C.—It isn't the money, but the heart that makes a man.

Fry C.—Marry me, kid, my father is a butcher and I can get you all the heart you want.

* * * * *

L. Wilkerson—Do you know anything about flirting?

Donald P.—No, I thought I did but when I tried it the girl married me.

Old father Hubbard
went to the cupboard
To quench his awful thirst,
But when he got there
The cupboard was bare,
His wife had been there first.
—Ex.

* * * * *

H. Luce—Waiter bring me some raw oysters with negro minstrels, a steak with some bare-foot dancers and an ice with operatic singers.

Waiter—What will you have to drink?

H. Luce—Nothing but some black coffee with acrobats.

* * * * *

Cute little Flo started down-town,
Decked out in her Norveau gown
It felt tight 'round the neck,

Then she saw that, by heck!
She'd put it on upside-down.

* * * * *

O'Conner—Did you hear the latest baseball song?

Chop H.—No. What is it?

O'Conner—"If I Only Had My Rubbers I'd Sneak Home."

* * * * *

Harold Purcell—Did you know much about arithmetic when you were a boy?

George Powers—No, but I knew a lot about astronomy, when father took down the strap I always knew there were going to be spots on the son.

HAVE YOU TRIED

Jacobs'

Jar Taffies?

IF NOT

WHY NOT?

McKinney & Titus

Complete House Furnishings

Everything at one price, and that price
RIGHT

304 Fourth Street. Santa Rosa

THE ECHO

Advice to Freshmen

Study and the world studies with you.

Play and get canned alone.

One way to take the rest cure is to get arrested.

* * * * *

"Look, what's in the salad; a button."

"Oh, I see, of course, it's part of the dressing."

* * * * *

Fat Chapman—My father only weighed four pounds when he was born.

Miss Crane—Mercy! Did he live.

* * * * *

E. Rogers—Say, did you hear about the dean?

J. Jewell—What dean?

E. Rojers—Sardine of course.

* * * * *

Tub Overton—How was that speech at the banquet received.

Hugh Watson—When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did.

* * * * *

Les Smith—Say Farnlof if you could have three eyes where would you want the third one. In the back of your head?

Farnlof—Huh. I guess not. I would have it in the end of my thumb then I could put it through a hole in the park fence and see all the base ball games free.

Papa, Said Hazel Ramage sweetly, I feel it in my bones you are going to buy me a new hat.

Mr. R.—In which bone?

Hazel—Well I'm not sure, but I think it's in my wish bone.

* * * * *

Class Discoveries

History, 10 B. Revolution — A time when the people cease to follow one set of leading citizens and select another.

Domestic Science—Includes cooking, working and physical torture.

Geometry 10A.—A straight line continues in same direction unless it is bent.

* * * * *

Zelma C—Why does an actor to show deep emotion clutch at his head and an actress at her heart?

Olivia S.—Because it is the weakest point.

* * * * *

Salem P.—I wonder how it is that Zelma is always out when I call?

Sam D.—Oh, I guess it's just her luck.

* * * * *

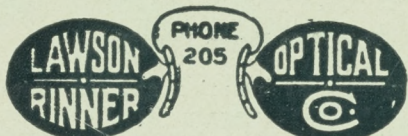
What is the trouble at your house?

Hunger strike for a new bonnet.

Your wife refuses to eat?

No, she refuses to cook.

Ex.



535 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Specialists in Fitting Glasses

There are ads among the jokes.

There are jokes among the ads.

Read them.

THE ECHO

Art F.—What are doing?

West M.—Hanging myself.

Art F.—But why don't you put the rope around your neck instead of your waist?

West M.—I tried to, but couldn't breathe.

* * * * *

Said a blushing young lady of
Hocking,

When asked for her fare, "This is
shocking

I'm afraid I can't pay,

Until some other day.

She had put all her cash in her—
(purse).

* * * * *

Abe C.—I've got a dill pickle
compass.

Fern H.—What's that for?

Abe C.—You put it on the pickle
to tell which way its going to squirt.
There was a red head from Mea-
cham.

A terror to Fresman and teacham.

Till one day he got canned

And now he's a hand

In a hop yard out at Meacham.

* * * * *

Arthur F.—How many advertise-
ments did you get yesterday?

Fry C.—I got two.

Arthur F.—That's the stuff,
what were they?

Fry C.—One was to get out, and
the other was to stay out.

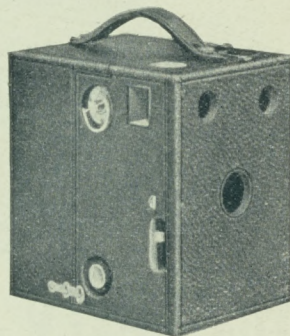
* * * * *

Neighbor—Why has your daugh-
ter given up hospital work so soon?

Mrs. Vineyard—She found that
she would have to nurse poor pa-
tients for two years before they
would entrust her with any million-
aires, so she's gone on the stage in
a musical comedy.

Photo Postcards of High School Annex

2 FOR FIVE CENTS



Kodak Headquarters

Everything for Picture making,
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50 cts — BOOKS — 50 cts

All of the latest novels as soon as
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plies.

MUSIC ROLLS, PURSES WALLETS

Don't fail to see ous new line of
high grade

Stationery



611 Fourth St.

SANTA ROSA

Telephone 99

RESTFUL
SLEEP
INVIGORATES



The Earning Power
of a Man Depends
on Physical Condition

The SEALY TUFTLESS MATTRESS

Promotes sound, refreshing sleep. You get up in the morning refreshed, your entire system replenished with the energy which makes you a "live wire."

The worker who sleeps on a "SEALY" is always "on the job," ready for the day's task.

A SEALY Mattress is not a luxury; it is an absolute necessity to the man who wants to make good, whether at the work bench or the office desk.

Made of pure, staple cotton—processed into a big billowy bat—encased in a high grade tick; a pillow for the body. Guaranteed for twenty years.

SANTA ROSA FURNITURE CO.

322-330 Fourth St.

Phone 372

SANTA ROSA, CALIF.



*Invites you to inspect
their Latest Quality
Footwear of Fall styles
now in stock*

FOOTWEAR FOR GYMNASIUM WORK

Successors to N. Bacigalupi & Co.

519 FOURTH ST., SANTA ROSA

The Golden Rule: "Patronize Echo Advertisers"

[Page Twenty-two]

THE HIGH SCHOOL FAVORITE



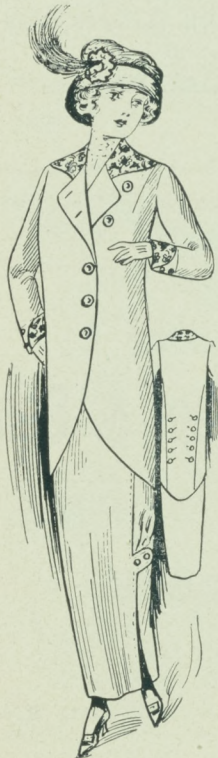
ICE CREAM, CANDY AND LUNCHEON

ALL THE LATEST SUNDAES

Ask for the High School Girl Sundae. It is the Best Ever

Phone 108

641 FOURTH STREET



We Think We know Girls

AND THEIR TASTES PRETTY
WELL

WE'RE STUDYING THEM ALL
THE TIME

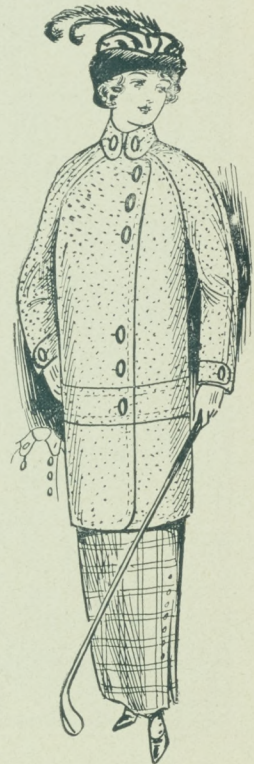
We spend more time in New York

than any other firm in Sonoma
County, selecting the newest and
swellest creations of the greatest
artists.

You'll not see the latest until you
visit

The White House
SANTA ROSA'S BEST STORE

Please Patronize those who advertise



YOU DON'T



**NEED A GLASS
TO SEE QUALITY
IN McCLEARIE'S
PHOTOS**

Elite Studio
W. McCLEARIE PROP.
359
5th STREET

Fred Grohe

THE FLORIST

Artistic Flower Work
Plants and Cut Flowers for
all occasions

I handle only the best kind
of plants for the garden

Prices Reasonable

McDonald Ave., opp. Veterans' Park

Phone 112

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A Thrilling, Blood Curdling, Awe
Inspiring Narrative

Embodying the Actual Experiences
and Hair-breadth Escapes of

YOUNG BABOON

Note—This most remarkable tale
of adventure will be published later
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reserved.

N. Bacigalupi & Son

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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PHONE 245

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Santa Rosa

Schulze's Furniture Store

NEW AND SECOND HAND FURNITURE, CARPETS
LINOLEUM, STOVES, CROCKERY WARE

EVERYTHING TO FURNISH THE HOME COMPLETE

Phone 214L

709-711 Fourth Street

"IVANHOE"

Coming to THE ROSE

Am I the first and only girl you ever loved?

Yep, the rest have all been married women.

So you've been married! Did your husband die, or what?

The latter.

What is your favorite wild game?

Cliff M.—Foot ball.

* * * * *

Miss Crane (Phys. Geo.)—Name some arctic animals.

Loyd D. (Freshie)—Eskimos.



WE ARE BETTER PREPARED THAN
EVER THIS FALL TO SHOW YOU FEL-
LWS WHAT'S CLASS IN DRESSY
CLOTHES

WE WILL TRY THEM ON YOU ANY
OLD TIME

EXPERT TAILOR IN ATTENDANCE

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BROOKS CLOTHING CO.

The Young Men's Store of Santa Rosa

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Phone 392R

Hours: 10-12; 2-4; 7-8

Residence: 521 Mendocino Avenue

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Office: Carithers Bldg. cor. 4th & B Sts.
Phone 29

Res: 447 B Street Phone 126

DR. J. W. CLINE

Hours: 10 to 12; 2 to 4; 7 to 8

Sundays: 10 to 12

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Office Phone, 871R Residences 871Y

Dr. Allen R. Howard

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Rooms 17 and 18

DOUGHERTY-SHEA BUILDING

Santa Rosa California

Dr. James H. McLeod

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EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Office Hours: 10-12 A. M.; 2-4; 7-8 P. M.

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Hours Office Phone 232R
10-12, 2-4, 7-8 Res. Phone 232Y

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Santa Rosa, Cal.

Office, Union Trust Bank Bldg

Residence, 533 Nason St.

Dr. D. P. Anderson

DENTIST

Phone 479

Union Trust Bank Bldg Santa Rosa

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Sundays 10 to 12

Phone 116R

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PHONE 328Y SANTA ROSA

Office Phone 243R Res. 243Y

DR. G. W. MALLORY

Exchange Bank Building

Santa Rosa California

DR. S. I. WYLAND

Os-te-o-path

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Above Carithers and Forsyth's

Fourth and B Closed Wednesdays

Office Aseptic and Everything Coming in
Contact with Patient Thoroughly
Sterilized

DR. V. HOFFER

DENTIST

Telephone 256

Office: Santa Rosa Bank Bldg., 3rd Floor
Rooms 312, 313, 314

If they advertise in "The Echo," they're all right

[Page Twenty-six]

Dr. C. W. Reed Dr. C. A. McGaughey

Reed & McGaughey

DENTISTS

Barnett Building
(Over Walt Shoe Store)

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

Mary Jesse Hospital

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NO CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

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Musical Kindergarten

MRS. M. E. WALK

Piano and Vocal
Music

402 Santa Rosa Ave. Santa Rosa

Senior—So your efforts to get on the track team were fruitless?

Freshie—Oh, no; they gave me a lemon.

* * * * *

First Freshie—What makes that red spot on your nose?

Second Freshie—Glasses.

First Freshie—Glasses of what?

Elite Hair Dressing Parlors

TELEPHONE 538

Electrolysis, Shampooing, Manicuring
Facial Massage, Scalp Treatment

Hair Work Done

630 FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA

NEW METHOD CLEANERS

OUR NEW METHOD OF CLEANING

OUR PERFECT PRESSING

OUR PROMPT AND POLITE SERVICE

WILL MANIFEST US RIGHTLY

Phone 415L

308 D Street

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Katherine Sanitarium

Open to all Physicians. Surgical Room
in Connection. No Contagious

Diseases Accepted

Only Graduate Nurses Employed

MISS SYLVIA HATCH, Superintendent

905 McDonald Ave

'Phone 31

C. & F. WELTI

Successors to H. H. Moke

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

LADY ATTENDANT

418 Fourth Street

Phone 21

....Mr. Steele (History)—What is the German Diet?

John M. (knowingly)—Coffee and sinkers.

* * * * *

Chester Case—Do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?

Freyman C.—Nonsense, impossible. Whose baby was it?

Chester—The elephant's.

* * * * *

Miss Mailer—Orrie, can you tell me what happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?

Orrie M. (Freshie) — Please, teacher, he would have cold feet.

* * * * *

Bill Wylie says that he is just beginning to learn that an automobilist sometimes has troubles. We wonder why?

FREE DELIVERY

PHONE 50

Eugene C. Farmer

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

701 FOURTH ST., Cor D..SANTA ROSA

RUSHMORE'S CREAMERIE

*For ICE CREAM, BUTTER,
EGGS, BUTTER MILK,
SWEET CREAM, MILK*

Free Delivery to Any Part of the City

PHONE 51

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COMMERCIAL
ART · CO.

Designers
Engravers

Specialists on
College and School
Publications

53 THIRD STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO

PHONES KEARNY 5224 - 5225

CA
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ECHO ADVERTISERS

SWEET'S SANTA ROSA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Undisputedly the Highest Grade School of Its Class
on the Pacific Coast, and None Better Anywhere

THIS IS THE SCHOOL THAT HELPS MAKE MANLY BUSI-
NESS MEN AND COMPETENT, WELL TRAINED OFFICE HELP



The fall term of the Santa Rosa Business College begins the first Monday in September, and opens a great opportunity to every young man and every young woman. It offers YOU a great opportunity to become independent, to gain an absolutely accurate knowledge of stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping. No other business college in this part of the State offers the facilities and advantages that the Santa Rosa Business College offers. When you are qualified we do all in our power to place you in a good position. The hundreds now holding positions of trust and responsibility are proof of what we do for our graduates. Securing places for our qualified students is part of our business. Business men know the quality of our work and call upon us when they need help. This gives us great advantage over many other schools. **STUDENTS ENTER AT ANY TIME. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.**

Santa Rosa Business College

Santa Rosa, California

Be ye patronizers of "Echo" Advertisers

[Page Twenty-nine]

TRY

HODGSON-HENDERSON CO.

FOR

Up-to-Date Clothing

AND

Classy Furnishings

517 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa, Cal.

LOST — Forty-five minutes of time, between Sebastopol and Santa Rosa, on or about Sept. 5th. Finder return to any of the following: Dorothy Brush, Madge Wheeler or Irene Campbell.

* * * * *

Mother—Well what did you learn at school today?

Freshie—That Ceres was the goddess of dressmaking.

Mother—Why, how in the world?

Freshie—Well the teacher said she was the goddess of ripping and sewing.

—Ex.

When in Want of Flour Ask for

ROSE BRAND

NEW MILL

NEW MANAGEMENT

SANTA ROSA FLOUR MILLS CO.

BATHS Hot and Cold BATHS

ATTENTION !!

WE HAVE A RECORD

**SPOONCER BROS.
BARBER SHOP**

Occidental Bldg.

B Street

772 Orchard Street, Santa Rosa

Allen's Grocery

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

BREAD, PASTRY, ETC.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Phone 825

Cor. Orchard and Benton Streets

**J. C. MAILER
HARDWARE Co.**

FOR ALL KINDS OF

Fine Hardware

FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA

Don't fail to read every ad.

Everybody
Reads

The Press Democrat


Sonoma County's
Leading Morning
Daily :: :: ::

E. L. FINLEY
C. O. DUNBAR

PRINTING, RULING
AND BOOKBINDING

LOOSE LEAF DEVICES
A SPECIALTY



 Call and inspect our big modern plant on
Fifth Street, just off of Mendocino. :: :: :: :: ::

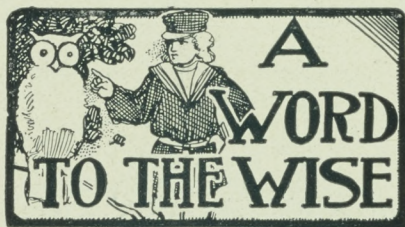
The eleventh commandment: "Patronize advertisers"

[Page thirty-one]

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Commercial and Savings

Interest Paid on Savings Deposits



BUY YOUR DRUGS AT

G. M. LUTTRELL'S

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
(THE REXALL STORE)

A NEW LINE OF STERLING
SILVER VANITY AND
COIN CASES

E. R. SAWYER

JEWELER

529 Fourth St. SANTA ROSA

W. S. Hosmer & Son

**School Books
Music
Stationery**

Fourth Street

SANTA ROSA

Lawrence C.—I am crazy to kiss you.

Mary B.—Well, if you think so, you needn't.

* * * * *

West M.—I didn't see you at church last Sunday.

Carl R.—No, I can sleep more comfortably at home.

F. BERKA

WILSON STREET

**Dealer in LUMBER and
BUILDING MATERIAL**

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Be sure to patronize "Echo" Advertisers

California Rochdale Co.

The People's Store

FOURTH AND WILSON STREETS

GROCERIES and FEED

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

*Woodard's
Matchless
Lawn Chocolates*

"The Test is in the Taste"

She was Muscular

"The captain swam ashore," reported a country newspaper of a wreck, "as did also the stewardess. She was insured for \$15,000 and carried 200 tons of pig iron."

* * * * *

Hosmer W. (Hist. 12)—Henry Hudson went up the Hudson River until the water got fresh, and then he returned.

Noonan Meat Co.

The only State Inspected Slaughterhouse north of San Francisco. No Flies or Spoiled Meats. Insist on your Meats being chilled at Noonan's

FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA

Patronize "Echo" Advertisers



Best Shoes
on Earth

\$2.50

\$3.00

\$3.50

\$4.00

Overton Hotel
Block

HEALEY SHOE CO.



When You See This

Think of

**Santa Rosa
Bottling
Works**

Phone 472L

W. H. HUDSON
Proprietor

[Page Thirty-three]

SANTA ROSA NATIONAL BANK		
UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY		
CAPITAL	\$200,000.00	SURPLUS
		\$50,000.00
A COMMERCIAL BANK		
UNION TRUST SAVINGS BANK		
CAPITAL	\$50,000.00	SURPLUS
		\$25,000.00
A STRICTLY SAVINGS INSTITUTION		
Both Banks Owned by the Same Stockholders		



**Snappy,
Stylish
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Miss Crane (Phys. Geo.)—What is it that volcanoes throw up?

A. W. (Freshie)—Wait a minute! I know! It's saliva! Red hot saliva!

* * * * *

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Some stories are fair;
But the most that we hear
Are only "hot air."

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Little Charlie bought a hatchet
And into the forest went,
Cut his toe, and stopped to scratch
it,

Must have been an ax-ident.

* * * * *

Chan P. (at McKinney's)—Give
me a High School girl Sundae,
please.

Waiter—Well, I'm sorry, but to-
day is Friday.

* * * * *

Freshman Prisoner—There goes
my hat shall I run after it.

Baliff Yarnell—What run away
and never come back again! You
stand here and I'll run after your
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